

JIM & JESSIE

By

Joe Dooley

The Beginning

I am learning more about the ghost in the basement of the Arcade that surrounds the whole complex.

Jim Harmon worked in the furnace room in the basement, was a hard working, God fearing man, who attended church regularly at the United Brethren



Church on East Main Street. He lived on Hudson Avenue, and walked the few blocks to work each day. Many days, his wife Jessie would walk with him to work, and she would walk him to the Home-style Diner on 4th Street, and they would part on that corner ... he would head on to the Arcade, and Jessie would return home. She would always turn and see him enter the 4th Street Entrance. Jim would enter the Arcade, and go down in to the basement where the huge power plant and furnace were located. He kept every piece of machinery and equipment in "his" "engine room" as he called it, cleaned and polished. He worked and fussed over all of the equipment, the stokers, the coal bins, the burners, the diffusers, as if they were his own.

Jim had grown up around Mary Ann Furnace, and had attended a small one room school house on Montgomery Road. His family later moved to Brownsville, and he attended and graduated from school there. Shortly after graduation his father was offered a job at the Weyant Greenhouse, "out East" as it was referred to in those days, to work in the Power Plant there. They moved out on East Main, and his father would take the inter-urban each day to Marne.

Jim spent many of his younger years in the Power Plant, and learned much about the workings of steam, generators and power plants. On his 21st birthday, he was offered a position to be a Stokers Apprentice in the Arcade, and he jumped at the chance.

Eight years later, he met Jessie, at the old Mayfair theatre in the Arcade, and they fell in love, and got married a year later.

Jessie and Jim were very much in love, and were together as much as possible. His job in the Arcade took up much of his time. The large power plant in the basement heated a square block area and more, much of which were all the stores in the Arcade, and the whole apartment complex on the corner of 4th and Church.

They also generated a great deal of electricity for the internal lighting of the unique Arcade.

At this time, there were 2 theatres, 3 restaurants, many offices and retail stores. The Arcade was "the place to be" in Newark, especially on those busy Saturday nights, when milling around the square was the highlight of the week for many. After a stroll around the Courthouse, they would head for the Arcade, the hub of nightlife in Newark.

When Jim started, there were 45 office/store complexes many of which were 2 story. Most of the shops in the Main part of the Arcade had a basement room, which they used for storage or repair work. The Arcade was one of the first of its kind in the country, and has been visited by Kings and Queens, Presidents and other notables. As one President said, "This is a city unto itself."

Jim was proud of his part in the running of the Arcade, he learned the boilers and their operation, adjusting the auger fed stoker, maintaining the proper steam level, and became very proficient in maintaining the proper pressure in the "cooker" as it was called. This was a critical function of the whole process, and soon Jim was the expert on the subject. They called him in day or night when a problem arose with the cooker process. Of course, he was always there early in the morning, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, as those were the days the coal truck pulled up and unloaded the coal. Jim was always neat, and insisted that his coal be unloaded in the proper manner.

Walt Mandrin

The coal was delivered in an old hard wheel truck, owned by the Fox Coal Company located on Poplar Avenue. It was a chain driven four cylinder McCauley, which in those days was manufactured in Dayton, Ohio, and was very difficult to drive.



The mechanism that operated the dump truck got its power from the transverse drive in the transmission, and then to a stuffing box located just behind the operators door. In order to dump the coal, the motor had to be running, and the driver would have to get out of the truck, and manually move the shift lever on the stuffing box. This then would engage the truck transmission, and lower or raise the dump truck bed on the truck. More than one operator lost a limb or a finger while trying to en-

gage the transverse drive.

Jim was always fascinated by the truck, and even more, the proper placement of the truck to ensure that the coal would go down the long chute properly.

Walt Mandrin usually drove the truck, and after many years, had the procedure down pretty well. Walt was a large man, stood around 6 foot 4 inches, and weighed well over 280. His size made it easier for Walt to operate the dump truck and all of the other mechanism needed to dump the coal loads. However, his size rendered him less agile than most.

Jessie had gone to work at the old Colville Feed Store on 4th Street, and its close proximity to the Arcade made it possible for them to get together for lunch, and to see each other during the day.

One fateful November day, there was a bite in the air, and an early November frost had set the tone for the day. A gray cloud-bank, and been coming up from the South, and the very day itself foretold the coming of Winter, gray and foreboding.

Inside the Arcade, in the basement, Jim and Harold Smith, another member of the furnace "team," had opened the large doors on the coal storage room, in anticipation of Walt and his load of "black heat," as the crew referred to it, dropping off his tri-weekly load.

Jessie had taken a break at the feed store, and was making her way across 4th Street, to the Arcade Entrance, just as Walt was making his right turn from Main Street, on to 4th, on his way to the Church Street Entrance. In a split second, Jessie looked up at the truck cab, and recognized Walt, and in an attempt to avoid what could be a serious situation, attempted to quickly move away from the truck. But, it was too late.

The Fateful Moment

In that fateful moment, Jessie looked up in to the eyes of Walt, and some spark in her was kindled, it was a feeling, an emotion that she had never experienced. She was left breathless, as if some unseen hand had brushed across her face, she blushed, she knew something was going to change in her life, and she was both full of wonder, and somewhat dazed.

Jessie was aglow with emotion. She believed she had at last found a path in her life that she had been searching for. She was happy with Jim, but, there was something lacking in their relationship.

"I must find an excuse to meet Walt again," she said to herself. She had met him on



one other occasion, at the Arcade, Jim had hastily introduced them, but they barely looked at each other, it was a brief encounter. Without further argument with herself she turned back toward the feed store, deep in thoughts of how she could arrange her meeting with Walt. She felt a strange attraction to him, as if she had known him for a long time, he was so familiar to her.

Walt skillfully backed his loaded truck toward the rear coal chute at the Arcade, as Jim was giving him hand signals to insure correct alignment so that he did not hit the rubber bumpers too hard. Jim had placed them carefully at the rear of the building. Jim knew that Walt was some sort of a scoundrel, but never let on, and was always extremely cordial to Walt on his tri weekly deliveries. But Jim was always guarded with him, never too open.

"A little more Walt, easy, that's good Go ahead and drop the load, Jim instructed. As the huge truck stopped, Walt swung the door open, and with a trained flourish, swung back up on the rear of the truck, and with the motor running, reached for the transverse drive lever, that operated the stuffing box, that operated the "dump box," as Walt called it.

Walt slipped, ever so slightly, but enough for his hand to slip off the lever, and the momentum of his weight forced his right hand and arm in to the cam nut bolt adjuster, which was the essential moving part of the transverse drive. In an instant, it pulled his arm in up to his shoulder. Jim instinctively moved in to action, pulled the lever to its neutral position, and cautiously went to Walt's aid.

"Walt, its in all the way up your shoulder, can you feel anything?"

"Jim, I can't feel anything, but I think I am getting weak ... I'm losing a lot of blood, I don't think I am going to make it. Is there someone we can call to get me to the hospital, Walt inquired?"

Jim shouted to Harold, "Quick, get on the Power Plant Phone, and call the hospital, they have to get someone over here right away ... NO, I think I can drive this rig, come with me, and we will take him directly to the hospital, I think it will be quicker."

Jim had observed Walt before, and had seen how deftly he moved through the gear sequence, and was confident that he too could drive the big rig.

Jim was finally able to back the truck out, head up Church Street, and make his way over to Hudson to the City Hospital. He came to an abrupt halt in front of the entrance marked Emergency, and had Harold go inside to find some help.

Shortly, three white uniformed orderly's came rushing out and jumped up on the big rig. They hurried to Walt, asked a few knowledgeable questions, and slowly helped Walt extract what was left of his arm. Walt slumped to the cold steel deck of the rig,

and his lifeless body fell in a heap. One of the white uniformed orderlies shook his head after checking for a pulse.

"Its too late, he has expired, I think from a tremendous blood loss," the white uniformed orderly stated.

Later on, Jim called the trucking company and informed them of their loss, and told them the location of the now idle big rig, and then, he and Harold started the sad walk back to the Arcade.

There was a slight chill in the air, the temperature was dropping rather fast, so Jim knew he had to get back to the Arcade basement, and increase the coal consumption of his precious auger driven unit, that in turn would produce more heat for his beloved Arcade.

As Jim headed down the stairs, he looked up and saw Jessie standing there .. "I heard there was an accident and that you took someone to the City Hospital. Who was it Jim, she asked?"

"It was Walt, the big rig truck driver, remember, I introduced you to him on one occasion here. I realize it was a brief introduction, but I think you might remember him."

Jessie turned pale and slumped to the floor in a feint.

"That's strange," Jim thought to himself, "it was such a brief introduction, Hmmm."

The Funeral

Jim put on his suit, chose one of his four neckties, and looked at himself in the mirror as he was expertly putting the knot in his tie. He was still puzzled by Jessie's reaction to the news of Walt's death, and even more puzzled that she wanted to attend his funeral. The only time they were apart was when he went to work, and then, of course, Jessie had taken that job at the Colville Feed Store, she did put in some extra hours there. "Maybe I had better pay more attention to Jessie and what she does," Jim said to himself.

They walked the few blocks from their place on Hudson to the funeral home on 2nd Street. It was a clear day, a little chilly, but pleasant. Jim thought perhaps that they could get a ride to the Cedar Hill Cemetery.



They entered the flower bedecked room at the funeral home, and Jim recognized a few familiar faces, as, of course, everyone visited the Arcade at one time or another, and Jim was generally there, and had occasioned to meet and become friends with many of the towns residents.

The only vacant seats were near the front of the room, and Jim and Jessie made their way through the tight rows of chairs. Jim was walking behind Jessie, and couldn't help but notice that Jessie received a more than passing nod or glance, or in one case, a wink, from some of the men in the room.

As they sat down, Jim mentioned to Jessie that she seemed to know so many people.

"Oh, they all come in to the Colville Feed Store," was her reply, and I see some of them when I attend football games.

Jessie had become an avid fan of the sport, and attended many of the exhibition game held in the area. On occasions, she rode with her friends to Canton and to Dayton to see the Bulldogs and the Flyers in action.

Jim accepted this explanation, even though he felt some concern that a few of these men would have no reason to go in to the Colville Feed Store and were not football fans. He knew that Mr. Young, who lived farther up Hudson, in the "nicer" section, had sold his horse, and purchased a new "automobile" for his transportation needs.

Jim also recalled that he was a "widow," as he had seen him strolling through the Arcade with different women of questionable character, and spent many hours at the picture show in the Arcade. Some of the women worked in the "East End" of town, and had acquired rather notorious reputations.

Jim thought to himself, "I wonder have all these years with Jessie been a lie, and that there perhaps have been others that she has been seeing when I was at work. Perhaps I should have opened my eyes years ago Yes, things were coming back to Jim ... why was she so upset over Walt, was there more than just the introduction?"

And he thought back to their school days, and some of the things he had heard about Jessie, her athletic ability, her love of sports, but never believed ... she couldn't have done those things with the other boys in the class Jim just wasn't going to believe anything about Jessie that wasn't Well, pure and honest And we're so happy .. I think.

Sitting in the flower decked room, Jim leaned over to Jessie ... he asked ... "Jessie, did you ever see Walt after I briefly introduced you to him some time back ... I have to know."

"Of course not, Honey, I did see him in his big rig truck the day he was killed, he was just pulling around the corner from Main Street, and I glanced up in to his deep

blue eyes, for a moment, one thrilling moment, ... and I remembered that you had introduced him to me some time ago, that's all."

"Oh," Jim responded, "I guess I never really looked into his baby blue eyes."

Jessie pondered, why did he call Walt's eyes ... baby blue ... I saw them as deep blue. Oh, good heavens, could Jim be seeing other men ... could there be more going on with his "crew" than just keeping the Arcade heated.

Good Grief, I remember some of those stories from school about Jim and some of the other boys .. I can't believe this is happening ... I thought they meant he was happy, when they called him that.

And then, a startled Jessie saw her sobbing husband, overcome with emotion, rush to Walt's flower draped casket, and his emotion racked body fell limp over the lifeless body of Walt.

"I can't go on, " Jim sobbed.

"Oh my God," Jessie cried out.

The Talk

Not a word was spoken during the funeral service, after his outburst. A few glances were exchanged between Jessie and Jim, then, a quiet ride to the Cedar Hill Cemetery in a car provided by the funeral home. Then, a rather abrupt graveside service. The Reverend J. R. Shannon, Pastor of the East Main United Brethren Church occasionally glanced at Jim, still puzzled by his sudden outburst of emotion over the still body of his friend, Walt. Rev. Shannon had pastored to the family for many years, and had preached the funeral of Jim's Mother, Sarah, and his father, Harley.

Somehow, the two made the decision to walk back to their home on Hudson Avenue. The weather was nice, and apparently, both thought that there was a need for some serious conversation.

As they walked down Cedar Street, they passed the open door of Bummy's Bar, and heard the juke box playing a popular tune of the day. The music was mingled with talking and laughter. They listened for a moment, looked at each other, and this seemed to break the ice.

Jessie laboriously asked, "Is there anything you would like to talk about?"

Jim replied, "Jess, I guess there are some things I have to let you know, some hidden secrets in my past that, well, I didn't want anyone to know, no one alive but me knows this ... Walt is my half Brother!"

"What?", she blurted out, "why didn't you ever tell me."

Jim had never told Jessie much of his background, even though they had grown up



together, he was always guarded when talking about his family. Jess had wondered on more than one occasion, but, had never asked.

Calvin Verner, one of the designers of the Arcade, and also one of the financial backers of the venture, was well known in the County, in financial circles as well as political. He had at one time been the town Mayor, and served two terms as a County Commissioner, and was on the Board of a Bank and also two large local industrial companies, one, a glass company, and another a manufacturer of baskets. He resided in a very large home on Hudson Avenue, and was a well respected member of the community.

Jim's Mother, Sarah, had worked for the Verner family in their home, many years ago, and, as Sarah had related to Jim when he had reached his 18th birthday, one hot summer July afternoon, she was cleaning on the 3rd floor of the stately Verner Mansion, and, thinking that no one was home, partially disrobed to be cooler.

Calvin, unexpectedly arrived at his home, and quickly went up the spiral Oak staircase, headed for a quick cool shower. The two, partially clad, one walking down the hall, and the other coming out of a bedroom, bumped in to each other The hallway was darkened, the situation was tense ... but emotion and the heat overcame both of them.

The Revelation

Sarah was carrying the child of Calvin Verner, and if known to the community, it would be disastrous for Sarah as well as the reputation of Calvin Verner. One option considered was a physician of questionable character who had an office on Railroad Street, and occasionally pocketed additional money by performing illegal surgery at his Railroad Street office late at night. Calvin, more afraid of the legal ramifications if this was ever exposed, as well as the devastating effect on his reputation, ruled this out.

The other option, and the path that they followed, concerned a summer place Calvin wanted to purchase on an Orchard Island at Buckeye Lake. Sarah would move to the lake house in October, under the guise of getting the house ready for a gala New Years Eve Party hosted by Calvin.

Harley agreed to this, even knowing that it would be impossible for him to see Sarah during those months. The weather would be cold, the lake frozen, and The inter-urban service to Hebron was not very good. After the park closed, transportation was difficult, at best.

Sarah moved to the home on Buckeye Lake, and on Christmas Eve, 12/24, brought

a son in to the world. They named him Walt Mandrin, after Sarah's maiden name, and the Walt after Calvin's father, Walter H. Verner.

Walt was immediately put in the care of the Children's Home on East Main Street in Newark, and spent his childhood in that imposing red brick structure.

Occasionally, some members of the W.C.T.U. (the Women's Christian Temperance Union) would visit the home, and always, Sarah would spend time with all the children, but special attention was given to Walter. Occasionally, also, Calvin Verner would visit and talk with the children. Walt often wondered about his mother and father, but there was always ample money for all of his spending needs, and his life was not too bad. When Walt graduated from Newark High School, the money suddenly appeared for him to further education at the college in Granville.

One afternoon, Walt heard a knock on his door at Denison. A stranger was at his door, he invited the stranger in. They talked for some time, and then, Jim told Walt that he was his half brother. Walt was filled with emotion as Jim told him of his mother and his father. He didn't mention any names, just who they were and familiarized him a little with their personalities and what they did. They talked in to the wee hours of the morning.

Jim envied Walt somewhat, he was getting a good Liberal Methodist Education at Denison, and surrounding himself with the affluence of an upscale wealthy Midwestern community, while Jim was learning to labor in the environment of the furnace room.

The more they talked of their situations, the more angry Jim became. This just wasn't fair, he thought, why didn't I receive any of the benefits that Walt is receiving. In a fit of anger, Jim picked up Walt's baseball bat, as Walt was a member of the Denison Baseball Team, and struck Walt across the back of the head. Walt slumped to the floor.

"That will teach the "bastard," Jim said to himself.

Walt

Walt finally came to, looked up at Jim, and said, "Who are you?"

Jim, in frightened disbelief at this point, told him, "I was just looking for an old friend, and saw you lying on the floor, you must have hit yourself with the baseball bat while you were practicing swinging for the



Denison Baseball Team."

Walt never remembered the incident, nor attending the University, or anything much, for that matter. He dropped out of the University, which at this point he didn't remember attending.

Jim, feeling somewhat guilty about the incident, made sure that Calvin Werner was aware of Walt's condition, and gave him a job at a local coal company that he owned. He was able to drive the big rig truck, and follow the directions that were written out for him each morning. Calvin purchased a small house for Walt on Buena Vista, and he lived there until his accident which claimed his life. He never knew the truth, or anything, about his life.

Jim and Jessie's life settled down somewhat after Walt's accident.

Jim was always busy at the Arcade, keeping the furnace and the generators working properly. In his off time, and whenever he could, Jim was working with a fascination of his, slight of hand and magic. He was always handling coins or cards, and was an avid reader of John Scarne and other card men and magicians of the day. He never missed Blackstone or Houdini when they were appearing at the Midland. And, then one day, Jim's life was altered by a strange encounter in the Arcade.

Jim, as he periodically did, was strolling through the Arcade, checking various things, heat ducts open, air returns working, general cleanliness, temperature and humidity, things like that. He had a possessive attitude toward the structure, and always wanted the tenants to be happy with "his" work. He sauntered through Kresge's, then through the drug store, and some of the other retail outlets. The air was clean, the temperature tolerable, and all was right with his world. As he was walking out of the Arcade Drug Store, he noticed an extremely attractive women walking towards him.

She was quite tall, almost 5'9", and she was wearing fashionable shoes of the day which had extremely high heels. The high heels and the stylish broad brimmed felt hat, made her an imposing figure. The knitted bright red dress she wore was not one generally seen in Newark.

She strode up to Jim and asked, "Are you the one who works in the basement here. I've heard a lot about you. Can we go somewhere to talk. I have something you might be interested in.."

To say the least, Jim was dumfounded. He uttered a "sure" and the two of them took off for Dooley's Diner located in the Arcade.

She introduced herself as Shaandraa Maateen, from Detroit, and through a mutual friend of theirs, Calvin Werner, she was in a position to offer Jim a job in Detroit at a considerable amount of money more than he was making here.

Shaandraa worked for the Chesterfield Club in Detroit, and while talking to a fre-

quent visitor there, Calvin, learned of Jim's love of gambling, and his unique talent with cards and dice.

It seemed the Chesterfield Club had a "back room" and the owner, Lincoln Fitzgerald, was having a hard time finding "honest" people to work in his club. When he heard of Jim's prowess with cards and dice, he immediately wanted to talk with him.

When Shaandaa mentioned she was going to visit a cousin in Marne, Ohio, Fitz, as he was called, wanted her to check him out, and if she felt he could "do the job" Offer him a job in the Chesterfield Club.

Jim was taken aback, to say the least. "I've never really done anything like that, I just practice with the cards. I have gotten pretty good with them though. I supplement my meager income here with winnings from card games, and I've learned that to be a consistent winner I have to cheat, so I've worked with cards for many years. My work with the furnace is hard labor, and I work with the cards and the dice to keep my hands limber also.

What would you want me to do for that kind of money, Jim asked, "and I was wondering, how did you get the unusual name of Shaandraa Maateen?"

"Well," she replied, "for one thing, my mother had a bad stutter."

The Decision

For three days, Jim labored over his decision. He had worked secretly for many years to perfect his skills with cards, and Shaandraa had made him an offer that was greater than anything he had ever expected in life. A chance to work for Lincoln Fitzgerald at the Chesterfield Club in Detroit, and maybe even Reno.

But, unbeknownst to anyone, Jim had been secretly working for many years in the privacy of his furnace room ... and after many years of experimentation, he was about ready to unveil his "secret" to the world. If it lived up to his expectations, he would be wealthy beyond belief. He and Jess would have everything that they had ever wanted. A new car, a house up on "the hill" or perhaps, even Granville, near the golf course, someplace near Sally's mansion. Then they could think of children, something they had always wanted. And, perhaps even a dog, a Labrador name Rusty.

Jim's "secret" came about in a most mysterious way, almost like some unseen hand was guiding him to this ... maybe Walt? ... or some other "unseen" force that lived in the basement of the Arcade.

There had been rumors and whispers. Jim thought he saw something on a couple of occasions, heard something, some things did get moved ... but .. Jim didn't believe in those things Well, maybe a little.

For many years, the furnace crew and some other "lookers" who would stop by,

wiled away some of their time on the dirt floor of the Auger Room. It was a rather large room, at least 20 x 20, and the dirt floor afforded them the opportunity to practice, play, and get in to some heated games of Marbles.

Many hours were spent in competition ... Jim became very proficient, Buford Benson, who worked in the furniture store, got quite good. And, of course, old Curby Riley, who worked in the bakery, was one of the best. Curby's main problem was his temper. On many occasions, he would throw a fit of temper pick up his marbles and generally any on the floor, and toss them in the air, all over the pipes and equipment in the ceiling of the auger room.

Well, after all those years, there were many marbles up in the ceiling, in the pipes, and especially in the holding box for the auger, which was up in the back corner of the room.

The main function of the holding box was the controlling of the flow of coal that was released in to the auger, and then in the stoker. This was accomplished by a series of radiator type pipes, configured in concentric circles, and interleaved with copper tubing that the moisture adhered to.

Naturally, as the water ran down the pipe, it condensed at the bottom of the ballast reservoir, and when it reached a certain level, the float would trigger the release mechanism, and the auger would turn, and the coal would be conveyed in to the stoker.

Over the years, apparently, there were many marbles lodged in the coils. Jim was alone in the furnace room on one occasion, late in the afternoon, and he heard what sounded like many marbles running down a series of pipes.

As they went past the ballast reservoir, they ran in to the extremely hot furnace framer, where they became molten. When they ran over, the molten glass dropped down, past the huge blower, and Jim noticed that it became wool like.

After a time, when it cooled down, Jim picked up a handful, and after picking glass splinters out of his hands, realized that it was wool like. He started using it to insulate around the pipes, and even put some between the floor joists as insulation.

After he put the "wool" as he called in between the joists, he got some heavy paper, and nailed it to the joists, to hold it up. Then, he realized it was difficult to tell where he had put the "wool" ... so his next batch, he decided to color it. All he had was some "red lead" which he used on the outer walls of the building, and by adding this, the "wool" became pink, and it was much easier to see. Jim felt this had some wide applications.

Perhaps compress some, and make a roof deck, or perhaps even some could be used as an air filter on his furnace, better than the burlap he presently used which was

always catching on fire if not enough water was used. This wool was almost fire-proof.

Jim stopped in at the Antler one evening on his way home, Buford had offered to buy him a drink, as was their custom around the five o'clock hour.

As they were talking, Jim told Buford of his excitement about his "wool" and all that he thought it could do. "I think we can even turn this into a fiber that would be quite strong, and perhaps even use it to reinforce various items," Jim went on.

The whole time they were talking, a man at the next table was listening intently, he was even writing down certain things that Jim said.

When Jim was about to leave, the stranger got up and hastened out the door.

"Who was that man?" Jim asked. "Do you think he overheard any of our conversation?"

"I don't think so," Buford replied, "anyway, I've just heard idle gossip about him, I don't think he is a very serious individual, games ... I guess he always plays games, or something like that, or maybe that was his name."

Jessie

"What do you mean Buford lost his marbles, you boys play too many games, games, games, games.

Jessie had a right to be upset, her life had not been an easy one, and to hear such flippant remarks made her quite upset. Jessie's mother had been a woman of "questionable" character in San Francisco, California, and immediately after Jessie's birth, she was placed in a Mormon Church home for abandoned children, and was shortly thereafter, adopted by the Richards family of Modesto, California.

As a baby, Jessie was considered a "good" baby, and gave the Richards family of Modesto, little to worry about. As she grew older, though, they were concerned about her behavior. She seemed to be constantly getting in to trouble, lighting little fires in her bedroom, fighting with the neighborhood children, and even her own step brothers and sisters, a fact they didn't let her forget. By the time she was fourteen, the Richards had given up. And even with the help of the church and the Elders of the church, they felt the best course to take was to find another home for Jessie.

Through a Mormon Church affiliation, a family in Klamath Falls, Oregon agreed to take her in, and Jessie took the few possessions she had, and was driven to Oregon by Elder Joseph Smith Cartwright. Upon arrival, they located the Peters Home, and Elder Cartwright helped Jessie move her few belongings in to the Peters home.

Jessie settled in, and life was going well for her. But, there was always a void in her life, something she always wanted to know, and that was more about her Mother. She knew she would never locate her father, as there was no name on the birth record. Her Mother, Francine, whose real Indian name was Gentle Fawn, had no idea

who the father was, as there had been so many men in her life. She had always felt that the real father was a transvestite wig maker from the Soho District of San Francisco.

When Jessie was in the eleventh grade at Klamath High School, someone accidentally found out about her past while visiting the Temple in Salt Lake City where all the records are stored. Once this information was revealed in Klamath Falls, life became unbearable for Jessie, and she ran away from home, and made her way to Fallon, Nevada, where she bumped in to the Shepherd Family from Newark, Ohio.

The family immediately took a liking to Jessie. They had a daughter Jessie's age, a son Robert, and a younger daughter, Pamela. When they heard of Jessie plight, they made a few phone calls, threw caution to the wind, and drove back to Newark, with Jessie. She became a member of the Shepherd Family, and very much loved being a part of a wonderful family.

And, then, one dark night, as Jessie was returning to the Shepherd home after 3 hours of studying at the Newark Public Library, three boys around her age followed her, taunted her. yelled unkind names at her, and frightened her immensely She started running towards her home and safety, the boys started running. Jessie kept running, she was getting short of breath, her legs were getting tired, she kept on running, so did the boys She felt she could not go on any longer.

Could it Be

However, Jessie's stamina was stronger than the "boys" and she was able to outdistance them easily, and in a few blocks, made it to the safety of the Shepherdson Home. The boys who had chased her were actually school chums of hers, and in school the next day, they were the first to approach her and comment on her graceful running, her speed and her stamina.

Tom Young, one of the pursuers, commented, "Golly Jessie, we're sorry, I guess we were just trying to scare you or something, you know how boys can get, we didn't mean anything, we were just having some fun ... but, you sure can run fast, your Daddy must have been an Olympic track star or a football player or something."

"Oh, thank you," she demurely came back, "you had me frightened though, and you did call me a lot of nasty names, some of them ... well, I didn't even know what they were. One more thing, Jessie coyly stated, "I do have some Indian blood in me, and if any of you ever do anything like that again, well, I know some little Indian tricks, and all of you boys will be singing soprano in the school choir OK?"

Jessie was becoming more convinced that her father was not, in fact, the transvestite wig maker, but instead the Indian, perhaps an athlete or a football player who had spent some time with her mother. It would explain her Indian like features and her love of Venison and the outdoors, and her passion for football. She attended eve-

ry game that she could, and always was familiar with the latest plays the teams were using.

Perhaps, even to, it would give some credence as to why she kept setting little fires in her bedroom as a child in the Richards home, and then dancing as the house would be blazing. She had also attempted, on one occasion, to trade her sister from some cheap costume jewelry at a local 5 and 10.

"Yes," she thought to herself, "I am an Indian, and if all of this is true, then I know who my father must be ... an Indian Olympic Runner ... there were so few ... but, I will keep this information to myself and never let anyone know ... we are so close to Pennsylvania, but, I will keep this to myself."

Jessie graduated from the high school, and enrolled in a small beauty school in town, with the hopes of becoming a hair dresser. Upon her graduation from the school, she found employment with a beauty shop in the Arcade The Regis ... and started her working career there. Her life was settling down, and then she met, Jim.

Her work as a cosmetologist was forgotten, she would be a wife to Jim, and spend her waking hours making him happy. That was what she really wanted to do, and, Jim didn't try to talk her out of it.

Jim and his idea

Jim started seriously working with his "wool" discovery, it had so many possibilities. It could insulate homes, be wrapped around pipes even make filters for furnaces. Jim was quite excited about the many possibilities of his discovery. If this was as good as he felt, he and Jessie would be secure for life. He could buy her all the things that he had always wanted, and she could leave the Colville Feed Store, and they would buy one of the big houses on Hudson, perhaps that red brick one.

With Buford's help, Jim put his idea down on paper, being as technical as they could. Buford had gone to the University in Columbus for a few years, and wanted to be an engineer.

Buford's father, Thor, had done some "bare fisted" boxing in his days, and his large frame and heavy muscular body made him one to be feared in the ring. Thor had won many fights, and actually the income he made from his pugilistic endeavors were used to support his large family.

But, his roughhouse antics with his children, and in Buford's case, too many "playful" blows to his head, had apparently done some damage, and Buford had a difficult time concentrating for any length of time, and he had forgotten how long it had been that he had any long term memory.

But his brief time in the engineering school at the university added some credibility to Jim's transferring his thoughts to paper and blueprints.

For three years, the two of them worked, Jessie supplied the coffee and the nourish-

ment to the boys to keep them going. They became regular customers at the Advocate Office Supply store, buying pencils and paper and such. But at last, after all the experiments and work, Jim was ready to apply for a patent, one that would make he and Jessie, and of course poor Buford, wealthy, beyond their wildest dreams.

Jim and Jessie went to the stationary store and bought a large brown envelope in which they were going to mail all of the material to the Patent Office in the Nations Capitol. They filled the envelope with the papers, and Jim even furnished them with a sample of his "pink" wool, as he called it.

Then, they walked the few blocks down East Main to the Post Office, and walked up to the Service Window where they said hello to Mr. Gilligan. They handed him their precious envelope, insured it, registered it, and as Mr. Gilligan affixed the appropriate amount of postage on the brown envelope, and sealed it for them, they felt he was also sealing all of their dreams for the future in that brown envelope.

Jim and Jessie walked back the few blocks to the Arcade, and leisurely strolled through some of the stores, basking in the thought that someday soon they would have the money to buy anything in any of these stores They were elated as they strolled hand in hand from one store to the next Through his beloved Arcade.

The Long Wait

A month went by, then two, then three, they had heard nothing from the office in Washington. Jim and Jessie wondered why it was taking so long.

Jessie continued working at the Colville Feed Store, and of course, Jim kept working in the basement of the Arcade, keeping the power and the heat at a constant temperature. It was a little more difficult now, Jim was daydreaming of better things to come and had difficult time focusing on his work. He knew he had to concentrate on the furnaces, one dial incorrectly adjusted, an auger working to slow or too fast, a cam nut bolt adjuster out of sequence, or a pressure release valve getting clogged, so many things could spell disaster.

Late November, still nothing from the Office in Washington, Jim couldn't sleep well at night, he kept thinking of his wool and what it would mean when he got



the patent. How he and Jessie would travel, maybe to Paris or to Ireland. Jessie could head West and perhaps learn more of her mother and learn if the "Indian" was really her father. It would explain her love of running and football.

She would go to Canton with her friends on Sunday, every Sunday during the season, to see her Bulldogs in action. She loved to sit and watch the leather helmeted boys play their game.

Jessie proudly displayed the six game balls that had been presented to her for her devotion to the Bulldogs over the years. She had gotten to know Mack Harmon, who played, and now coached the team.

Mack recognized certain traits and expressions in Jessie, as he had played years before with the "Indian," and was confident who her father was. Mack was in awe of this, he called her "the daughter of greatness."

Two days before Thanksgiving, that year, Jessie went with her friends to Dayton, to see the game between the Bulldogs and the Flyers ... one of the big games of the year.

Their spirits were high as they journeyed to Dayton. The weather was crisp, but sunny, a perfect day for a championship game. She would stop and say "hi" to Mack, wish all the boys well and let them know that she and her friends would be cheering for them during this championship game.

They yelled loudly as the boys trotted on to the field, resplendent in their uniforms of gold and blue.

"It will be a fine game," she said to herself, but for some reason, she looked up to the sky, and there was one dark cloud, a small one, not a large one, directly overhead, the formation almost resembled a face She screamed out to her friends and the crowd around her ... "Look ... that cloud That face It's Jim." Those that knew him were astonished. It was his face. In the clouds, during the kickoff of the championship game, exactly one o'clock.

The Big Game

Jim woke up after Jessie, she had gotten up quite early as she and some of her friends were motoring to Dayton to see a championship football game. Jessie really loved the sport, perhaps something in her past led her to love the game. Jim rarely went with Jess to the games, they were always on the weekends, and of course, he had to keep the heating plant going on these busy retail days.

They still had not heard from the Patent Office in Washington, it had been many months. Jim knew it took quite a while to check out his particular process, but he didn't know that it took quite so long. Many of their future plans depended on the

success of his process, and it would take some time to get a manufacturing plant running to produce his pink wool.

Jim got dressed, and put on his heavy mackinaw. He had checked the weather when he had taken their dog, Rusty, for a walk. Some day, he hoped to have a bigger dog, a Red Setter, but for now, the little Chihuahua would have to do. They had purchased it from a Smith family that lived out around Wilkins Corners. Jim was always a little self conscious when he walked the little dog around his neighborhood.

On his way to work, Jim stopped at the Diner in the Arcade and had two eggs over easy, home fries, some bacon and white toast. He knew they had good food and it was reasonably priced, and he sensed it would always be that way at the Dooley's Diner in the Arcade.

He headed on down to the boiler room in the basement, however, his mind was on the patent and his little dog.

He took off his coat, hung it up in his locker, and started checking the myriad of gauges and dials that he was responsible for. Each gauge and each dial had a specific purpose in the smooth operation of the furnace room.

He adjusted the Auger speed from the RPM reading that he saw on the drive shaft near the cam nut bolt adjuster. It was operating too fast. The Boiler Pressure was high, a simple adjustment brought it down, and the recently added Framer Arm, that was produced locally at Burdens, needed a slight adjustment.

Everything was working smoothly now, he knew, by the sound. After so many years, the sound was important to him. Every humm, every clang, the roar of the burning coal, the screech of the auger as it slowly carried its "black heat" to its destination, the giant furnace. All of these noises meant something to Jim.

But then, his thoughts drifted to the future ... "When I get that patent," he mumbled to himself, "everything is going to change. We'll have that big red brick house on Hudson, Jessie won't have to work anymore at the Colville Feed Store, and we can travel. There are so many places that Jessie especially wanted to visit, and she wanted to look in to her past, find out if there was any relationship to her love of football, fires, and venison, and her past. She felt her real father was an Indian, an Olympian and a football player ... she should be able to narrow it down. And, she wanted to bury her mother in a descent cemetery, she was now in a "paupers field" outside of San Francisco, in San Bruno, near a racetrack. She didn't want her mother to spend eternity near the track, she wanted a better resting place for her.

Jim too wanted a better life, daily he had seen various industrialists from the Newark area on their way to and from important meetings, heading for the many banks in the Downtown area, laden with heavy briefcases. Always in a hurry, meetings, merger meetings, plant meetings, meetings with attorneys, meetings with buyers and

bankers. Always busy. He longed for this lifestyle, and when he got his patent and started making his "pink wool" it would all come his way ... he and Jessie would start a whole new life.

His reverie kept his attention from his gauges, the main tank on the A Burner was running hot, he didn't notice. This caused the Auger gear to run even at a higher rate of speed, and naturally, the cooker to become overheated. His lack of attention failed to let him notice that the coils were overheating, and the main thrust pipe was starting to shake with its bursting steam. A few minutes more of this, unnoticed by Jim could be disastrous.

Jim heard the change in the noise pattern, he instantly knew that disaster was close at hand What could he do? He lunged at the Main Rheostat knob and quickly turned it off ... it this would delay the Auger any, perhaps, but the A Burner was out of control ... he started to try to cool the coils down.

He thought of his beloved Jessie as he desperately tried to reach for the thermo coupler that could possibly avert the disaster, but it was too late.

The main 12 inch line burst in an instant, spraying the super heated liquid all over Jim. He died almost instantly, but with a soft "Jessie" ... emitted in his dying last breath. The large Hamilton clock that stood on the wall near the main controls was broken by a piece of heavy pipe .. It stopped at one o'clock.

THE FINALE TO THEIR STORY

Jessie and her chums were on their way back to Newark from the championship game in Dayton. Her Bulldogs had won, spirits were high and the crowd was singing some of the songs of the day. "Smile Awhile," Long Long Trail of Winding," "Moonlight Bay," were just a few that they sang.

Jessie had forgotten the dark cloud by now, the excitement of the game, the cheers of the crowd, the outstanding play of her Bulldogs, and Coach Harmon had let Jessie come down and sit on the team bench for a part of the third quarter so she could be nearer the game.

Jessie's enthusiasm was noticed by the players on the field, and this seemed to be contagious because they finished the game with a come from behind victory ... that started when Jessie took her seat by Coach Harmon on the bench. It was a glorious victory.

The revelers dropped her off at her Hudson Avenue home, not knowing of the disaster that had taken place hours ago. She went inside, took her heavy clothing off, gave their Chihuahua some water, and started looking for Jim. "He should have been

home by now," she told the disinterested dog.

The quiet after her statement was broken by a knock at the door.

Could it be Jim, having forgotten his key. She sauntered to the door and opened it expecting to get a big hug from her returning husband. But instead, there were two somber faced policemen. Newark policemen, both ashen colored, with somewhat dazed looks on their faces. They didn't know where to start. How do you tell a woman, that her husband is dead, that he was scolded to death, by the very furnace that he worked on for so many years His furnace, His boiler.

Jim's Funeral

The next few days were a blur for Jess, the arrangements, the shock, her world turned upside down, she was still in a daze, but still able to make all the necessary arrangements.

The funeral home on Fifth street made the arrangements for her and assisted her through her ordeal. The viewing, the condolences, the faces, the handshakes, Jessie managed to get through it all. The trip to the cemetery, graveside service, and the ride back to the funeral home.

Jessie wanted them to take all of the flowers and distribute them at the local hospital, she wanted nothing more to do with them, no more remembrances right now, she just wanted it to be all over.

She finally left the funeral home on Fifth street, and started walking East. Suddenly, she realized that she was at the Fourth street entrance to the Arcade.

She hesitated, and finally opened the door. She stood a moment, and glanced down the long expanse of corridor, a corridor she had walked so many times, but now, somehow seemed so empty. She started walking, slowly, past the beauty shop, the real estate office, the flower shop, but she paid no attention to them, she kept her eyes looking forward, down the long corridor.

As she was about to the end, at the Fifth Street Entrance, a noise in Kresge's caught her attention. She looked to her right, her eyes staring into the full length mirror, on the wall, outside of Kresge's Five and Dime.

As she looked in the mirror, a shocked look came over her face, there, in the Kresge's mirror, was the image of Jim, her beloved Jim. She stared at his face, it was so vivid to her. She moved closer to the mirror, hesitated, then extended her arm toward the mirror. As her hand drew closer, the image of Jim's hand drew closer. Jim and Jessie's hands touched, in the mirror, and a smile came over her face.

At that instant, she knew, that Jim would always be in his beloved Arcade, and a warm feeling of relief came over her, she and Jim would never be too far apart.

If you are ever in the Arcade, in Newark, Ohio, that mirror is still there, and if you

glance into the mirror, you may see an image, a hand, a face, the face of Jim.

I now know who has brushed my hand, and whose image I have often seen, in the windows, and the mirrors, of the Arcade.

THE END

Note: I had the restaurant in the Arcade for a while. I often felt that I was not alone. I have seen images in windows, images in mirrors. The Kresge mirror is still there. If you move back halfway in the hallway and look into the mirror, you may see an image, I have. I am not a writer, but something gave me the idea to write this. We used our Daily Fax to publish the story. I wrote this while we had the restaurant, and it was written at a table in the restaurant. I would sit down at the same table, same chair, right at three o'clock, and my fingers moved around the keyboard, the words seemed to be put there, by someone, or something. The language and terms used are from another time. I can't explain it, perhaps Jim could